

SON OF

PRO WRESTLING SUSHI ^{#10} SPECIAL

MID-WHENEVER EDITION

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(SNS--Sushi News Service)

McMAHON INDICTMENTS CAUSE SHEET EDITOR TO FLIP OUT!!!

Minneapolis, MN -- Pro Wrestling Torch editor-publisher Wade Keller is expected to eventually recover full use of his fingers, hands, arms, legs, and coccyx, all of which were broken in 98 places this week when he tried to emulate the 1-2-3 Kid, pay tribute to a recently injured Lucha Libre daredevil-flyer, and impress Observer editor Dave Meltzer by mailing out yet another special "mid-week" edition of his newsletter.

According to paramedics (who found the dripping-wet, 22-year-old Keller twitching on the floor of his bathroom), the soap-bubble-covered sheet editor apparently failed in an attempt to do a moonsault out of his bathtub where he had been continuing his month long celebration (of the federal government's steroids indictment against WWF's Vince McMahon) by writing another in a series of snappy, mid-week issue-ending "BBL" editorials for his wrestling news bulletin.

"Yes," said the injured publisher, "I manufacture my best Butt-Bubb-L's while sitting in the bathtub, enjoying a hot frothy soak, and talking on my new tv-phone with Dave Meltzer, who is usually talking on his own tv-phone while relaxing in his own bathtub at his swank beachfront pad in Campbell-by-the-Sea where he usually writes his own editorials about The Evil Twins of Pro Wrestling--deadly steroids and Vince McMahon--while watching tapes and rating with tiny stars the moves of Japanese women and Mexican luchadores who are usually killing themselves with those incredible and dangerous non-steroid-assisted moonsaults and planches."

Asked how he injured himself, Keller said, "Essentially, I noticed Dave wasn't listening to what I thought he wanted to hear me say about how I agreed with him regarding what a booger McMahaon was for

pushing big muscled monsters, so, in order to get his attention, I decided to stand on the slippery edge of my own soapy wet bathtub and perform an unnatural high risk act.

GOT DAVE'S ATTENTION!

"Well," Keller continued. "That got Dave's attention! You know how he loves it when skinny little workers do those life-and-limb threatening 'five-star' ariel maneuvers, as compared to when big chemically-bloated monster-DUDs yell safely into the cameras."

Keller continued, "I was just about ready to re-create that ass-n-tail-bone-crunching backwards flip that Rey Misterio Jr. missed in San Jose, CA, during the AAA/IWC card on 11/13 (the news and description of which for some reason Dave erased from his computer and never reported in his sheet), when my mom, who usually catches me when I'm coming off the tub, was distracted by an incoming fax from Mark Madden, and I slipped, landing hard on the bathroom tiles, suddenly hearing the awesome sound of many of my body's large bones, long tendons, and small cartilages snapping, cracking, and exploding simultaneously!

"Yes," Keller said. "Dave took notice when I started climbing to the top of the tub. He even shouted, 'Whoot, there it is!'

"Yes," Keller moaned, as he reached for the telephone next to his hospital bed. "I saw stars, plenty of stars. And all the time Dave Meltzer was yelling, 'How many *'s did you see, Wade? Did you see ***½? I counted ***½! Or was that a **** experience?! And what do you call that move, Wade? 'The Flying Bubble-Bath-LaBamba?' Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"Jeez," winced Keller, as he lifted the bedside phone, muttering something to himself about Meltzer and "triple-players" Jim Thompson of

the DETROIT NEWS, Mike Woodley of Minnesota's WCCO radio, and Anthony Spinelli of the CONNECTICUT POST for not being the only "pack journalists" who don't know how to take a serious incident seriously.

"Hey nurse," Keller groaned into the phone. "Can you ask Doc Zahorian Jr. to increase my dosages of p-r-e-s-c-r-i-p-t-i-o-n steroids and pain-killers? I've got another spot show to make...huh, I mean, I've got another special 'mid-week' edition of the Torch to put out, and I don't think I can make it without a little help from my, huh, f-r-i-e-n-d-s...."

[Editor's note: Mr. Keller wants all readers of this sheet, and especially all pack journalists who don't work a lick and who "cannot adjust to reality and would rather follow the conventional wisdom that makes their jobs fun, yet sadly meaningless when important stories like this arise," that he was not necked when he climbed out of his bathtub, that he was wearing a pair of Bret Hart sunglasses, a yellow polka-dotted black Speedo-like male-bikini from Zubaz, and Japanese shoot-kicker boots.]

NO SHOOT-OUT!?

Steroids?

Indicted for 'roids?

Vince McMahon served papers by the feds for sharing a little "soup" with a few of his "friends?!"

No shoot-out? No pier-six brawl? No Elliot Ness and the Untouchables roaring into the parking lot at Titan Towers in Stamford, and jumping McMahon with ball bats, crowbars and cowboy boots as he climbs out of his car, as Dave Meltzer, Wade Keller, and Phil Mushnick look on?

What a let down.

Talk about anti-climatic!

(Talk about screw-job endings!!!)

Jeez...

WRESTLING WILL NOT BE BETTER OFF WITH OUT McMAHON!

BY JEFF MULLINS, Ed.

Personally, I've always felt Vince McMahon's balls should be put under the hammer due to the crimes against humanity he committed whenever the WWF came to town with its boring road shows and terminally boring television tapings (not to be confused, however, with his weekly TV shows or most of the WWF's major PPV's which are pretty good.)

I can't prove this, of course, but I'll bet more people who attended regular WWF house shows or tapings, over the three to five hours they had to sit and endure squash after squash, have suffered proportionately more damage to their bodies, minds, and souls than the legions of grapplers who reportedly dropped their tights and bared their butts for the alleged Titan needle and push.

By saying this, I don't want anyone to get me wrong. Steroids are bad when used for purposes other than those prescribed by doctors as being legitimate medication for health reasons.

Yes, it is illegal to use steroids or share them with your friends.

It is illegal to sell them to your employees.

And certainly it is morally corrupt, as well as against the law, to create and maintain an employment environment wherein workers who obey the law reap fewer benefits and rewards than those who break the law.

(Please note that the preceding was said, in part, in case Wade Keller wants to take it out of context if he comments on how members of the non-mainstream underground wrestling "media" covered the McMahon indictment and non-guilty plea.)

DANCING IN THE AISLES!

In a nut shell, the above is why the feds have indicted Vince McMahon and why Dave Meltzer, Wade Keller, and Phil Mushnick are dancing in the aisles. (When was the last time you saw these three guys--and members of Wade's staff--happier?) Yes, Vince McMahon will either cop a plea or go ahead with a lengthy trial. Yes, it will make interesting reading in the sheets and in some newspapers around the country and it will provide

provocative viewing on some of the more exploitive and sensational television "news" shows which, at times, seem more like wrestling-worked programs rather than legitimate news theaters. But when it's over, where will we all be?

AVOID TRIAL...

I'll go on record: I don't want to see Vincent K. McMahon Jr. go to jail. And if a trial can be avoided, I'll support that move, too.

What I would like to see is for Vince McMahon and the U.S. feds to settle their differences out of court, first of all, so I won't have to endure the gleeful editorial feeding frenzy that Meltzer of the Observer, Keller of the Torch, and Phil Mushnick of the NEW YORK POST will continue to pass off for a full year, calling it (what they do, as opposed to what other wrestling writers and broadcasters don't do) "journalistic diligence." Spare me, please.

Secondly, aside from a mandated "debeefing" of its wrestlers and image, I'd like to see even more of those excellent public service announcements on Titan's weekly television shows where WWF wrestlers speak out against steroids, drugs, and under-age drinking which, surely over the long term, will reach a greater audience and have a deeper impact on kids versus a trial, possible conviction, jail sentencing, federal take-over of Titan Towers, and destruction of the WWF which will achieve only a quick pop in the mainstream media and little if any long term impact on the "here today, gone tomorrow" mentality of the public.

Finally (in reverse of an opinion I've held in the past), I'm not so sure that wrestling fans and the wild world of graps will actually be better off without Vince McMahon.

The success of pro wrestling in this country between 1984 and today (a period which probably will be referred to forever as the "Rock & Wrestling" or "Hulk Hogan" years) came about thanks to the genius as well as the excess that was and is Vince McMahon, probably the most creative player in the history of a sport which, while it has and will

continue to "suffer" aesthetically for hardcores, will almost surely tumble and drift and decline for what will seem like an eternity with out him around as a catalyst, an historical footnote I just don't want to see. .

McMahon, the real life Razor Ramon? You bet. McMahon, the ultimate bad guy? No doubt about it. But, eh, Cheeko, McMahon behind bars? No McMahon to kick around anymore?

Nah, it doesn't make sense, unless a return to the Dark Ages, having WCW as the only show on nationwide television, and a lot of expensive tape-trading (Pro Wrestling Torch Tapes, Inc., anyone?) is what thrills you.

At least, with Vince McMahon in the game, slightly shackled and federally constrained to be sure (which will help improve the playing field for the Cornettes, Cohens, Dangerouslys, Skolar-Arezzis, Coroluzzios, Turners, etc.), most PPV's will still be fun, and Monday nights will still mean more than simply being the night of the week when David Letterman returns to the tube after a long weekend.

Yes, I do not want to see Vince McMahon wearing a ball and chain because of steroids. And no, I don't really want to see him forced to take showers with fellow inmates.

What I want to see, however, is McMahon and his empire taken down a notch or two as payment for his "crimes." But not demolished. And then I want to see how he and the rest of the pack survive this era of decline, and turn things around so that wrestling and what goes on inside the ring, once again, becomes more interesting, more vital, and more exciting than what goes on outside it.

• • •
Xmas Sushi: Humorous to serious letters for the special "MELTZER" ish keep on arriving daily. So far, most messages are quite revealing as to the depths of gratitude or anger felt out there for the Observer editor. Don't miss being a part of this year-end double-issue, which will make up for the mini-one you're holding now. Deadline is 12/10. Also, be sure to send \$A\$E's if you're at Ø. See ya!